GREEN IS THE RAGE

The Verdant Hue Is Worn by All the Summer Girls

SCORES OF TINTS AND SHADES

At the National Academy, the Actors' Fund Fair and the Horse Show—Evening Gowns and Robes.

I imagine I am going to talk about the summer girl, but it is a little hard to tell what is coming when you begin, especially if it occurs to you to wonder at the very start if it is an evidence of incomplete development on the part of summer girls or of all-the-year-round women that they seem, while so much alive to the beauties of color, so little alive to the beauties of form.

It is pure accident when we get a fashion that is adapted to the human figure, and no appreciable concern is manifested when it takes itself off again. The simple skirts we have had for the past two or three seasons, with their graceful fall of long slow curves, have been, while often overdone in point of length for house wear and universally overdone for the street, in themselves almost ideally beautiful draperies.

The double and triple skirts which this spring replace them, whimsical in proportions and in build, architecturally unfit, blocking the figure out in unmeaning and inexcusable sections, are accepted with smiles as complacent as those which greet the yard-long ribbon streamers down the back, and the huge—and hugely absurd—flower garden on the hat, as if in knowledge of art and knowledge of propriety we had not progressed—as the filthy trains on walking dresses some time ago proclaimed that in regard for cleanliness and decency we had not progressed—beyond the early and inartistic days of the beginning of the Victorian era.

There are plenty of women painters and almost no women sculptors; and there are thousands of women who delight in tints and shades to one who has any true appreciation of line or form. This is why an astonishing development of the refinements of color pleasures the world from season to season, side by side with atrocities and monstrosities in overskirts, and underskirts, and shoes, and sleeves, and shoulders.

These things being as they are let us properly rejoice in green. We cannot abolish the three skirts, unless, indeed, we accept in lieu thereof four. We cannot abolish the ruffles and flounces at the bottom, however much we preach that it is the beauty of a woman's draperies to end without emphasis, in-

SPRING RECEPTION GOWNS.

determinately; blending without speech into nothingness, leaving behind them a touch of mystery. It must needs be that paniers and Stuart puffs and rose ruchings come, and not woe but success and many customers is to him or her by whom they come; hence let us delight ourselves in the soft early summer colorings and shadings of the summer girl, the girl in green. It is wise to forget what we have not and cannot have and make much of that which is ours.

It was at the spring exhibition at the National academy that I saw her, standing in front of one of William Chase's pictures. It was a park picture, with tulip beds and stretches of lawn and a girl on a bench, and so it gave the living girl a green background.

She was rather a pretty girl with a lot of light hair, short and curling in her neck and about her forehead, and her green frock was striped pale green and white, and was of a thin summery silk with a sheen and a bloom upon it like that on the under side of young leaves. The ground of the silk was white and the green was a raised cord or plait, like a leaf rib, that ran up and down it without break from shoulder to shoe, in a gracefully and graciously fashioned princess robe.

The skirt was cut on the cross and—the girl having very evidently a sensible dressmaker—it had no trimming. But it opened on the left side over a panel of solid green silk of a wonderfully vivid yet delicate shade, matching that of half grown horse chestnut leaves. The waist had a broad rolling collar of the green silk behind, and in front it had great sloping green revers, tapering to a point just below the waist and half hidden by a broad frill of lace tumbling out of a full soft vest of whitish green chiffon and cascading over the bodice with a "the world is mine" sort of freedom and bravery. The encroachments of the lace and the ambition of the revers were kept within the bounds of practicability at the waist by a folded belt of darker green velvet, colored like pads of pond lilies. In front the belt clasped with a horseshoe of emeralds and brilliants, and the deep gauntlet cuffs on the full sleeves had small horseshoes of the same stones for their fastenings.

Lace cuffs, full eight inches in width, fell over or away from the hands, and the green girl wore a little green straw hat, circled with a twisted branch from a cherry tree in full blossom.

The possibilities of green are almost infinite, and when a summer sets out as this summer has done in right earnest to be a green summer the range of

THE DOUBLE SKIRT.

tones and [illegible] harmonies and discords at any gathering of many women, as at the horse show for example, are worth studying. I remember a particularly novel color mixture worn by a fresh, rose-cheeked girl who admired every beast shown, the tallest ones most, the less long-legged steed graded in proportion. It was an almost startling grass green, mixed with violet and copper pink, and the eyes returned to it again and a third time to see what it meant, and had there not been a mistaken perception.

Then there was a woman in a sage green summer cloth frock that was probably more after the notions of the majority, with its long princess coat and its sixteenth century vest of pale yellowish cream color, stitched with gold.

She was a pale blonde who wore it, and you called her slim and shadowy and, yes, pretty until she came too near a warm-colored girl in dark Russian green figured with dark red, who, with her glowing tints, wiped out the weaker ones completely. Her straight skirt, full at the bottom, opened on the left side over a panel of pale yellow. On the right side it was cut in tabs and lapped with black grass ribbons. The bodice was drawn from the shoulders to a point at the waist and caught with a dark green velvet bow. Under its parting folds was slipped a yellow silk vest with gilt buttons. The dark green hat bunched with crimson poppies, and the girl inside you think of a pine tree with grass beyond it full of summer bloom.

Wherever I counted three girls in pale green and black and two more in dark green and bluish pink, but the most successful of all green combinations is remembered from a costume worn by a well-known woman at the actors' fund fair.

A greyish green silk, somewhat paler [illegible], was figured daintily with peach blossoms. It had a round bodice, with collar and full sleeves of black lace run through with narrow green and pink ribbons. The sleeve puffs were met at the elbows by gauntlets of peach pink moire. The skirt has a peach pink flounce at the bottom, veiled with black lace caught up by knots of pale green ribbon.

Some noteworthy evening dresses are being prepared for early summer festivities. One recently seen was of pale amethyst silk, the front of the skirt looped on the right side with rosettes of darker amethyst of pink ribbon. A pointed overskirt of white lace net, very short on the left hip, was carried around to the back on the right and

A COUPLE OF WALKING GOWNS.

blended with the silk draperies under long loops of amethyst and pink and white ribbon. The low bodice was constructed entirely of the filmy net which came down in ribbon caught loops over the bare arms.

Another and perhaps prettier example was of ivory taffeta with a deep border of embroidery at the foot worked in rose, pink and green. The low bodice was girdled with folded pink velvet and a rosette and long pink streamers were attached between the shoulders behind.

Powder blue and white is a combination I see much of, and heliotrope and white is daily more and more used. Pearl gray and green is usually successful, which is more than can be said of a good many of the attempts at heliotrope and green.

ELLEN OSBORN.

STONES WERE HIS FOOD.

A Strange Being Who Ate Rocks and Abhorred Bread.

There are several accounts on record in out-of-the-way works in natural history of animals and birds which live wholly or partially on stones and earth of various kinds, but, to the writer's knowledge, there have been but two human beings that ate stones with a relish and digested them with ease.

One of these, the famous "Stone Eating Wild Man," was first exhibited at Avignon, France, in 1760.

This real wild masticator of stones was a native of a small island lying between Iceland and Sweden. He not only swallowed whole flints an inch or more in length, but reduced marbles, small pebbles and other rocks to a powder with his powerful teeth.

Royal society physicians of both France and England examined this strange being, and found that his gullet was abnormally large and his saliva thick, strong and corrosive. He would occasionally eat raw flesh with his regular luncheon of stones, but could not be prevailed upon to swallow bread or other victuals, says the Philadelphia Press.

He had a natural aversion to drinking water, and would never taste it as long as his supply of brandy and rum held out. When not given the usual allowance of brandy, less than one-half the ordinary amount of stones were consumed by the strange creature.

Strange Lawsuit Among Friends.

A Parisian court issued a decision forbidding the omnibus company of the city of Paris to keep its men employed for longer than twelve hours a day. If the company disobeyed it was to pay a penalty of twenty dollars a day to the syndicate of its employes, who, nevertheless, have been doing overwork ever since without a murmur. But the syndicate after a time went to collect the accumulated penalty. The company appealed the case. Awaiting an issue, the employes continue to work overtime, and every week the syndicate is adding another twenty dollars to its claim against the company.

A Land of Fire.

There is said to be a volcanic, some forty miles square in extent in Lower California that is a veritable fire-land. Every square rod of the territory is pierced by a boiling spring or spouting geyser.—Philadelphia Ledger.

ROSE TO THE LEAD

Only Ten Years Younger Than the White Methodists

AFRICANS GO TO THE FRONT

History From 1796 to the Present Time. Marvelous Growth From a Humble Beginning—Churches and Colleges.

THE story of the rise and progress of African Methodism in the United States forms one of the most entertaining chapters in American history. About the year 1760 there arrived in Maryland and settled in Frederick county an Englishman named Robert Strawbridge. In the latter part of 1765 he organized a class meeting and subsequently built a log meeting house, which, it is said, stands today. Among his little band was a servant known as Aunt Fannie, and she is probably the first colored person in America to embrace Methodism. Moving to Baltimore, Strawbridge began preaching in the streets, his first pulpit being a block in front of a blacksmith's shop. The next Sunday he preached from a table at the corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets and was mobbed. Undeterred by opposition, however, he soon organized a society and built a church, the first Methodist meeting house in Baltimore.

Among the members were a goodly number of colored persons, but about the year 1780 or 1781 considerable friction was developed between the two races, and the colored members began to hold independent prayer meetings. From one of these grew the Colored Methodist society. It was organized in a cellar occupied by a bootblack near the corner of Baltimore and Calvert streets, afterward the site of Peel's museum and at present the property of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company. Class and prayer meetings were held from house to house, until the formal organization on May 9, 1815, and the adoption of the name, "The African Methodist Bethel Church Society of the City of Baltimore." Early in the year 1816 an invitation was received asking the body to be represented in a convention called to meet in Philadelphia, of which more later on.

In the latter city the African Methodist movement received its first strong impetus from Richard Allen, who was born a slave in the state of Delaware, but who had redeemed himself and accumulated property. He grew up while Methodism was pushing its way across the sea, and began his itinerant work when only twenty-three years of age. Going to Philadelphia, he affiliated with his brethren in St. George's church on Fourth street, but it soon being evident that the white and colored members of the congregation could not agree, the latter left the church and formed an association of their own.

Allen, who was a born leader, purchased an old blacksmith shop, fitted it up as a place of worship and named it "Bethel." It was dedicated by Bishop Asbury, June 29, 1794. The congregation, which comprised sixty-six members, adopted as a part of its platform the following: "We consider every child of God a member of the mystical body of Christ, yet in the political government of our church we prohibit our white brethren from electing or being elected into any office among us save that of a preacher or public speaker." Nevertheless it remained under the discipline of the Methodist Episcopal church until 1816, Richard Allen acting as the chief pastor and Bishops Asbury and Coke, pioneers in Methodism, frequently preaching in the little meeting house.

The trouble that had caused the withdrawal of the colored people from St. George's twenty-eight years before still existing, a convention assembled in Philadelphia April 9, 1816, comprised of delegates from Baltimore, Salem, N. J., and other localities, and then and there the "African Methodist Episcopal church" was established. After this the most important work of the conference was the election of a bishop, and Richard Allen being chosen, he was duly consecrated on the 11th of April by Rev. Absalom Jones and four other regularly ordained clergymen.

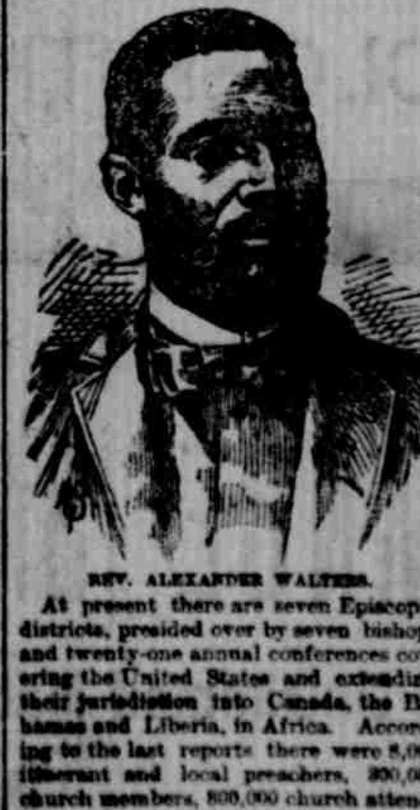
It is said of Richard Allen that he was one of the first men in the country to organize mutual aid societies, and as early as 1796 he established night schools in connection with his church work. Since that time the vitality of the A. M. E. church has been demonstrated by a progressive spirit that is represented by doctors, lawyers, presidents and professors in colleges, editors and patrons of the arts and sciences. Its work, begun in a blacksmith shop by an humble man, who but a little while before was a slave, has expanded until it embraces all the states and territories of the Union, the islands of the West Indies and the coast of Africa. In seventy-two years the one bishop of the church increased to eleven; the sixteen preachers gave place to a total of nearly 10,000; an original membership of sixty-six must now reach nearly 500,000, and the value of property is not far from $10,000,000. Truly, "the little hand has become a thousand."

The cradle of American Methodism was rocked in New York city, the first society being organized in Barrack street, or what is now known as Park place, in March, 1760. There were six preachers at the first meeting, which was held in the hired house of a carpenter. Next a rigging loft was rented on "Horse and Cart street," now William street, and there the congregation worshiped until they built the church on John street, in 1770. (The first general conference of the Methodists was held in Baltimore in 1784 and the Methodist Episcopal Church of the United States formally organized.)

Among the members of the society were a number of colored men, prominent with whom was Peter Williams. He was born in Beekman street and belonged to the Boorite family, who owned his parents as slaves. For years he served as sexton in the Wesley John street chapel, but when it was determined by his brethren to sever connection with the mother church, he became one of the founders of Zion church, laid its cornerstone in 1801 and was appointed one of the trustees of the society.

The first meeting place of the little body of Christians was in a cabinet shop that had formerly been a stable, and the first collection in aid of the new house of worship amounted to the humble sum of only eighty dollars. Innumerable difficulties attended the erection of the edifice (it was situated on the corner of Church and Leonard streets), and it was not until July 30, 1820, that the first sermon was preached in the new church. Meanwhile African Methodist societies were springing up in various parts of the country, and the first yearly conference was held June 21, 1821.

Among the names connected with the early history of the church and which were signed to its first manifesto were those of Abraham Thomson, James Varick and William Miller. These were succeeded by Christopher Rush, who was consecrated a bishop in 1828 and died in office after a service of twenty-eight years; George Galbreath, William Haywood, George A. Spywood, Scott, Tappan, Ross, Simmons, Talbot, Brooks, Henderson, Clinton and a long line of Christian workers who are famous in the annals of Zion church.



REV. ALEXANDER WALTERS.

At present there are seven Episcopal districts, presided over by seven bishops and twenty-one annual conferences covering the United States and extending their jurisdiction into Canada, the Bahamas and Liberia, in Africa. According to the last reports there were 8,000 itinerant and local preachers, 300,000 church members, 800,000 church attendants, several well established institutions of learning and church property valued at $10,000,000. The statistics for the coming year will doubtless show that all these figures have been materially enlarged.

The foregoing history of these two important churches, of which a bright colored man said "It would take a forty mule power microscope to discover any difference between them," is given because unusual interest has been manifested in this year's general conferences—that of the A. M. E. church in Philadelphia and that of the A. M. E. Zion church in Pittsburg.

Rev. Dr. Derrick, of the A. M. E. church, is one of the best known colored orators in the United States, and is a member of the New York Republican state committee. He was born on the island of Antigua, in the British West Indies, and after following the sea for twenty-five years began to preach the Gospel. He has vigorously kept it up for a quarter of a century. He is idolized by his congregation and his race generally in New York, and on public occasions when citizens gather in mass meeting to encourage or protest, his strenuous voice rings out with an impressiveness that never fails to arouse the enthusiasm of the audience.

Rev. Alexander Walters, of the African Methodist Episcopal Zion church, is a Kentuckian, born in 1858, who has been preaching since he was nineteen years old. That he is an untiring worker and a man of great force is best illustrated by the fact that in 1885, while at San Francisco, he raised funds and built a church that cost $60,000. He, too, is a brilliant orator and a natural and influential leader among the Afro-Americans.

FELIX G. DE FONTAINE.

Why He Looked.

McCorkle—What are you doing now, Jimson?

Jimson—Looking for work.

McCorkle—Why, I never heard of you working. What are you looking for work for?

Jimson—So that I can avoid it.—Detroit Free Press.